

## New York Tribune.

SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1914.

Owned and published daily by The Tribune Association, 100 New York corporation, Ogden M. Reid, President; G. Vernon Rogers, Secretary and Treasurer. Address Tribune Building, No. 154 Nassau street, New York.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—By Mail, Postage Paid, outside of Greater New York:

Daily and Sunday, 1 mo. \$3.75; 6 months, \$20.00; 1 year, \$36.00. Daily only, 1 year, \$24.00. Sunday only, 1 year, \$12.00. Daily and Sunday, 1 year \$36.00; 6 months, \$20.00; 3 months, \$12.00. Daily only, 1 year, \$24.00; 6 months, \$12.00; 3 months, \$6.00.

FOREIGN RATES.—DAILY AND SUNDAY: One month, \$11.50; 6 months, \$65.00; 1 year, \$115.00. SUNDAY ONLY: One month, \$6.00; 6 months, \$35.00; 1 year, \$60.00. DAILY ONLY: One month, \$6.00; 6 months, \$35.00; 1 year, \$60.00.

Entered at the Postoffice at New York as Second Class Mail Matter.

The Tribune uses its best endeavors to insure the trustworthiness of every advertisement it prints and to avoid the publication of all advertisements containing misleading statements or claims.

## Huerta's Trifling Due to the Fault of Mr. Wilson's Rocking-Chair Diplomacy.

The Huerta government seems anxious to prolong diplomatic exchanges over the Tampico incident. That is only natural, since the wily Mexican dictator thinks that the more he haggles over the terms on which he will salute the American flag the more chance he will have to claim that the United States has given him full diplomatic recognition. It looked yesterday as if he would be satisfied with a return salute to the Mexican flag. But now he is pin-pricking the administration at Washington with suggestions of a return salute, gun for gun, and other absurdities intended only to keep the subject of the negotiations in the limelight.

Huerta holds very cheaply the diplomatic finesse so far exhibited by President Wilson and Mr. Bryan. He has much excuse for doing so. In the exchanges last summer on the question of the administration's right to prescribe what would and what would not measure up to the proper ideal of a constitutional election in Mexico Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan did not come off with the larger share of the honors. They may have set a proper and admirable abstract standard, but from the point of view of what was practicable in the present stage of Mexico's political development they were far from making a crushing argument. Huerta's present toying with the demand for reparation for the Tampico arrests is plainly the result of his very moderate estimate of the Wilson administration's grasp on the fundamentals of a sound and efficacious diplomatic policy.

That the Wilson-Bryan programme has been feeble and spasmodic even Americans will admit. It should have been assumed as a matter of course when President Wilson lifted the embargo on the importation of arms and munitions of war that in return for that great favor to the Constitutionalist leaders he had received from those leaders practical assurances of their gratitude. They should have been required to pledge themselves to respect the demands made upon them from Washington for the protection of Americans and other nationals domiciled in Northern Mexico. But that reasonable assumption was shattered when the murder of Benton occurred, and it has been demolished by Villa's subsequent contemptuous neglect of protests against his harsh treatment of the Spaniards in the Torreón district. What respect could Huerta be expected to have for the sort of childlike diplomatic confidence shown by the administration in its dealings with the ingrate Constitutionalist leaders?

We hope that the country is on the threshold of a firmer and more far-sighted diplomatic programme in Mexico. There is a vast responsibility still to be discharged there, even though the Tampico entanglement may be successfully unravelled. It can be discharged with credit only by a government which refuses to shirk unpleasant and difficult labors and is willing to reduce its diplomacy to a basis of foresight and common sense.

## Cutting Out Condemnation Fees.

Mayor Mitchell's approval of the bill permitting excess condemnation of land in city improvements and abolishing the condemnation commissioners was to be expected. This measure, which provides a procedure for condemnation by Supreme Court justices, with or without a jury, in accordance with the recently adopted constitutional amendment, is bound to be a money saver for New York. That was almost proved by the fact that its opponents before the Mayor were men who have drawn large fees in condemnation cases.

It is quite possible, too, that the bill in operation may actually be a money maker for the city, as well as a preventer of condemnation graft. The excess condemnation feature, by which the municipality may obtain the advantage of increased property values along new streets, parks and other improvements by condemning more land than the quantity actually needed for the improvement and selling the excess, has proved to be an income producer of importance in European cities. The profits from the sales have greatly reduced the cost of public improvements. It is only reasonable to expect the same result here.

## The State's New Banking Law.

Governor Glynn's signature to the Van Tuyl banking commission's bill places on the statute books a radical revision of the banking laws and one which is reckoned by experts to be broad and modern. The new law contains many features of technical merit in the banking field. It also contains several of distinct importance in their bearing on the public—the depositors whose money keeps the banks going. Chief among these is the provision bringing private banks under the jurisdiction of the State Department of Banks.

This will make the swindling of the small depositor much more difficult in future. His money will be better secured by a fund deposited with the state authorities; there will be little chance of juggling the bank's assets as they were juggled in the Siegel "frenzied finance." The new law gives broader general powers of supervision and investigation to the department than it formerly had. It is to have supervision over small loan brokers, too.

State banks and trust companies under this law may become members of the Federal Reserve Bank for this district. Like national banks, they will have power to issue letters of credit, make acceptances, and even to open branches in foreign countries. Changes in the law regarding savings banks are calculated to make depositors more secure and their dividends more certain—by requiring a guaranty fund—without embarrassing the institu-

tions which now are beyond suspicion. General approval of this measure and support of it came from national and state banks and trust companies, and there was little or no serious criticism of it during its consideration by the Legislature. It is regarded as giving full opportunity for sane and clean banking ventures, with sound protection for the public.

## The Attempted Assassination.

Apparently the man who shot at Mayor Mitchell and hit Corporation Counsel Polk is just a crack-brain. The city is to be congratulated on the fact that his aim was infinitely worse than his intention. It could ill spare the Mayor whose administration has begun so hopefully, or any of his important aids. Mr. Polk will have every good citizen's sympathy, coupled with an ardent desire for his speedy recovery.

It is idle to speculate about what maggot sent the killing impulse through this diseased mind. Unfortunately those in authority are at the mercy of the fanatic, the criminal, or the maniac fired to violence by some warped sense of personal injury or feeling of avenging the under dog against an imagined oppressor. It is a tribute to the innate good sense of the American people that this tragedy occurs so infrequently; it is lamentable that it should ever occur.

## No Hammerstein Opera?

The unanimous decision of the Appellate Division upholding the injunction restraining Oscar Hammerstein from producing opera here or in Boston until 1920 may or may not end a meteoric operatic career. The public has for so long been accustomed to seeing the unexpected come forth from that tall hat of mystery that it will be loath to believe that its resources are at an end.

Will some further appeal be taken? Can the great Oscar lay a finger along his nose and devise some canny plan for driving an opera house through a court injunction? Time will tell. Meanwhile we are still getting excellent opera at the Metropolitan, thanks to Oscar's last thrilling enterprise, and there is little to complain of. Perhaps we shall not need to call upon him again until 1920.

## Mr. Hedges Still Defying Mathematics.

Mr. Job Hedges still clings to the idea that the best way to do a thing in politics is to do it twice over. Although the executive committee of the Republican County Committee voted, 25 to 2, against holding an "unofficial state convention" for the purpose of suggesting candidates for places on the state ticket, he has asked for a vote in the full county committee on that question at the meeting on April 30.

Since Mr. Hedges has promised himself to run in the primary, even if the unofficial convention should prefer another man as candidate for Governor, we cannot see how from his point of view any economy of time or effort would result from the preliminary elimination test. If he reserves the right to run, every other competitor before the unofficial "convention" will also naturally reserve it. How, then, would the party get ahead by authorizing a lot of delegates to hold a private expert hearing on the merits of candidates?

Mr. Hedges echoes the fear expressed by Mr. Barnes that "if there is no state convention the result of the primaries on September 29 will surely reflect the operations of a small coterie of politicians, who will take the time to organize for their own purposes." To most people it will seem a paradox that a small coterie of politicians should find the 400,000 to 500,000 Republicans who may be expected to take part in the primary easier material to work upon than the 1,000-odd delegates who would compose a Republican state convention. Only a humorist like Mr. Hedges can say with a grave face that it makes it easier for the bosses when they have to operate on 500,000 voters, spread all over an area of 49,204 square miles, instead of operating on a delegate gathering just big enough to fill a fair sized convention hall.

## The Fire Peril in the Country Home.

Fire prevention is practically the whole story of fire fighting in the country house. Once a fire gains full headway—beyond the first few minutes when hand extinguishers are of value—there is little hope. In the long and startling list of recent country house fires the loss has been practically complete in every case.

First of preventive measures must be put the structure of the house. To be sure, a fireproof dwelling house is a practical impossibility. Even if the shell is fireproof the contents will burn like tinder, as several of the recent country fires have shown. But with stone, brick or tile the possible ways in which fire can begin can be greatly reduced. Fires from defective flues and from electric wires, for example, can be practically eliminated. There remain the dozen and one ways in which any house, however well built, can get ablaze. Open fires, the dropping of a match, etc.—all involve some carelessness somewhere, and only an increased vigilance and precaution can cut down the risk. Fires and fools both begin with the same letter, and the one will scarcely be eliminated without the other.

## Breakfast With and Without Pie.

A French physician, Dr. Berzoné, of Bordeaux, has come to the rescue of the honorable New England practice of a large, fat breakfast. The least suitable hours for meals, he declares, are from noon to 1 and from 7 to 8 at night—our present luncheon and dinner hours. The best hour of all for the principal meal of the day Dr. Berzoné places at 7:30 in the morning. Then is the time, he believes, when the necessary energy for the day's work should be stored up. Two light meals, one at 4 in the afternoon and one at 8:30 at night, should complete the day's diet.

The present tendency, both here and in England, is toward a very light breakfast—for that portion of humanity more or less accurately described as brain workers, at any rate. Pie has disappeared. Sausages are no longer a daily routine save, perhaps, in the lives of British policemen, who are credited with entertaining an unmastered passion in this direction. Bacon remains, though it is not nearly as inevitable in this country as in England. Here the modern breakfast food has gained the ascendancy. But such accessories as bacon or eggs or both pretty generally prevail to differentiate our breakfast table from the French coffee and rolls.

Must we now revert to pie for breakfast? We can see no objection whatever, provided our working days are rearranged, so that golf and tennis may follow forthwith. Pie for breakfast and no work till noon! An inspiring and logical battle cry, we submit for the attention of the French physician of Bordeaux.

## The Conning Tower

Robin.

For the Conning Tower.

Glad spring is here again  
And even in the rain  
You hear this warbling bird  
Send forth his merry strain  
He fills our gladdened hearts  
With sportiveness and glee,  
And hopeful joy he brings  
To folks like you and me.

By yonder cedar grove  
To-day I chanced to stray,  
I saw how actively  
He frisked from spray to spray;  
And as I sauntered on  
This happy fellow sang  
A love song that through  
The quiet woodland rang.

I'm glad he came along,  
He'll rid us of the pest,  
The insects that annoy  
And our fruit trees infest;  
He's always welcome here  
Even though he helps himself—  
What if he spoils some fruit,  
We cannot call it pest.

MARY C. BURKE.

There are those that are out of sympathy with the dainty lyrics of Miss Burke, but none can deny that she gets more consonants in a line of verse than any other existent bard. Take "He frisked from spray to spray." Could anything be more singable?

## THE DIARY OF OUR OWN SAMUEL PEPPY.

April 16—All day at my desk, scribbling upon trivial matters, and without any great skill either, and wondering at the close what was the good of so great a quantity of scribbling. Perhaps the weather is at fault for my depression of spirit; I cannot tell. At work all the evening too, what with struggling with the printing-men and the fashioning of some verses. Home, very weary, and to bed.

17—Up very early and for a walk through the town, and glad of the warm sunshine. To the office, and long there at work with the metal types. Thence to the ball-park, and was merry at seeing Mr. Chance's nine trounce the Athletics again. Mr. Caldwell shewing great skill in pitching. A mental ardent man tried this noon to shoot the lord mayor, and did indeed wound Mr. Polk the corporation counsel, but I hear he is not gravely hurt, which I am glad of. To dinner with J. Montague the poet and J. McConaughy the tennis-player, and thence to the office until late. This day I make a vow to go earlier to bed.

When Success Magazine collapsed, a couple of years ago, George Fitch, the pallid poet of Peoria, was a creditor to the amount of \$125. He made us his collector, and after days of tireless endeavor we amassed a dividend of \$250 for him. Now comes another dividend of 3.72%, and Mr. Carl S. Flanders begs us to send the check for \$4.65 to Mr. Fitch, adding:

Please caution Mr. Fitch on receipt of the dividends to perpetrate no wheezes along Success-Failure lines. Two hundred and eighty-three thousand nine hundred and fifteen of the four hundred thousand subscribers to Success have used the *mol* before him, including a Babu in Calcutta, an engineer in the wilds of Brazil, a village headman in Lower Nigeria, James Oliver Curwood and Owen Oliver. A misnomer Clug has been formed, of which the charter members are the Win twins, Ir and Mer, who are also dividend recipients.

"BUT ME NO BUTS"

[From The Sun.]  
Hackett's father, Falest Hackett, the actor, was born in this country, but his grandfather, who was a business man, came of the distinguished family.

The tennis season begins to-day, which reminds us that next Tuesday's Tower will be written and edited by the staff of the Nassau Literary Magazine of Princeton University. Now is the time to reserve your copy or cancel your order, as the c. m. b.

## Our Own Travelogues

Sir: As far as I have been able to discover, there is nothing much wrong with this town. Its principal attractions are:

1. Broiled Pompano—better than Scrod and almost as good as Swordfish.
2. Ramos Gin Fizz—the finest indoor drink invented by the hand of man. After three treatments one is willing to agree with old Irv Cobb that yellow is a component part of blue, or vice versa.

We are not alone in our contempt for the parsnip. The London Express cites Theodore Hook's definition of it. "To me," he said, "a parsnip suggests a sick carrot."

## HOW ABOUT BENDAVIS?

F. P. A.: It may leave you cold and uninterested, but there lives a gentleman in this town named Adams Appletoo. He wears soft shirts and his speech is gentle. His occupation is hunting for a middle name. W. H. Boston.

"One difference between Prexy Wilson and the esteemed, by itself, Journal," writes Cliff, "is that the latter indulges in botchful prating."

## BITTER THOUGHTS ON SWEET SUBJECTS.

BY REYNALD S. PICKERING.

The illustration here discloses  
A metaphoric bed of roses:  
A place to lie if  
ease you're seeking.  
That is figuratively speaking.



BED OF ROSES.

The salute score, at the instant of shrapneling to press, is nothing to nothing, with Wilson's cannon-ball on Huerta's 50-yard line.

And whisp'ring he would ne'er salute—saluted!

## THE COSMIC URGE.

I have worked for Howard Brock,  
Who runs The Boston Post;  
I have worked for Mike de Young,  
In Frisco, on the Coast;  
I have worked for Mister Scripps  
On his Seattle Star;  
I have toiled for William Hearst,  
In that town where you are.  
Say, man, I have had my whirl  
In Butte, the burg of booze;  
And once I did dramatics on  
The Rocky Mountain News!

Yet, now I ask you solemn-  
ly, wholly without rancor—  
To hit your zomb-durned column,  
Why, why do I banker?

O. K. CHESTNUTT.

Do you know? One hundred and thirty-nine years ago to-day—but—

Hardly a man is now alive who remembers that famous day and year.

F. P. A.

## ASSASSINATION MADE EASY.



## THE PEOPLE'S COLUMN

An Open Forum for Public Debate

### A LIFE FOR A LIFE

#### The Justice and Wisdom of Capital Punishment Are Upheld.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: It is somewhat difficult to imagine how people of intelligence can maintain such opinions as those set forth by G. H. Ball, L.L.B., in to-day's Tribune. Presumably, this reader refers to the executions which recently took place at Sing Sing. His remarks regarding the state's inability to restore life are most certainly true. They are also true regarding every human being that ever lived or ever will live. When grim death staved those convicted men in the face life became very sweet to them. It was just as sweet to the man they shot down in cold blood. Did Mr. Ball ever hear or read the words: "Whoever shall take man's life, his life shall be taken therefor?" Were these words spoken by a barbarian?

For my part, I am glad I live in a country that protects its citizens to the best of its ability by enforcing capital punishment.

M. H. KEENAN.

New York, April 16, 1914.

### THE PAY OF TEACHERS

#### Their Right to Appeal to the Legislature Is Defended.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Will you allow me space for a word of comment upon your editorial in to-day's issue upon the school pay bills? Objecting to the action of the teachers in going to Albany for legislative help you say: "If the city ought to be allowed to make the adjustment in its own time and in its own way."

I am a male teacher, and therefore not immediately concerned in the two bills in question. But I am very direct. The city is my employer, but I do not admit that as my employer it has any such right to fix my salary in its own way and in its own time. Such a right has been assumed by private employers in the past, but I doubt if one would be found who would venture to claim it to-day, and I am sure that if one did no one would grant it.

If by "the city" is implied the body of people living therein we teachers count among them. As citizens we have a right to a voice in determining the rate at which the city shall pay its teachers. Nor does our personal concern cancel our right. It is legitimate for a taxpayers' association, having frankly a pocket interest in the matter, to have its say, why not a teachers' association?

You object to our going to Albany, to our invoking the aid of the state Legislature. We appeal to the state as to an arbitrator, a third party, before whom the two interested parties, employed and employer, may lay their case. And since the city, in the veto power of the Mayor, possesses a right such as no party to an arbitration has elsewhere, of absolutely annulling the award, we are certainly not seeking any undue advantage in doing so.

There is another consideration, special to the teachers, which deserves attention. We have not the ordinary freedom of choice which workers in every other occupation, and even the members of our own profession outside of the city, have. A teacher's license confers a limited privilege, restricted to the jurisdiction of the authority granting the license. The limit for us is the City of New York. Should the terms offered to us by our sole employer not be to our liking we cannot seek another market. Before we could do so new licenses must be obtained and other requirements satisfied, while in the case of at least the older of us our long experience of the special conditions of this city puts us out of touch with those of smaller cities and country districts.

We have thus practically but one possible employer. It is too much to say

that we should place ourselves in that employer's hands unreservedly. The City of New York is liberal, even generous, but conditions of municipal government have not yet reached that ideal state in which we should be justified in leaving our interests to it to adjust "in its own time and in its own way."

EDWIN JONES.

Brooklyn, April 13, 1914.

### THE LABOR OF VOTING

#### This Stenographer Does Not See How a Woman Can Attend to It.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The stenographer of "A Business Man," whose letter appeared in yesterday's issue of your paper, may be a suffragette and a Gilman feminist, but, fortunately for the nation and the race, and for "mere man" himself, the majority of stenographers have domestic aspirations instead of political. They therefore devote much of their time not absorbed by masculine interests for bread-and-butter purposes to feminine interests in order to qualify and keep in training for the more important profession of home making. Besides, they generally make many of their own clothes, and a stenographer's clothes problem is not so simple as that of a business man, whose socks are darned and whose buttons are sewed on, for the most part, by his wife or mother—or even, sometimes, by his stenographer sister.

Were "A Business Man" not so engrossed in his own paper as he rides to and fro on subway and elevated he might observe that nearly all the women and girls on the trains are also reading that papers. He might also notice that a larger proportion of the younger feminine element than of young men wear glasses, and if interested in the reason he might question any physician whose practice includes women stenographers.

One might conclude, moreover, from the letter above referred to that the various newspapers assumed the responsibility of dictating how voters should cast their ballots, since the mere perusal of a daily is, in his estimation, sufficient, without individual effort on the part of a reader. If such were the case, the newspapers might further facilitate matters political by contracting with their respective readers to relieve them of all effort and responsibility and casting their ballots for them. ANOTHER STENOGRAPHER.

New York, April 16, 1914.

### THE RIGHT TO PROPOSE

#### If Women Had It There Would Be Fewer Mistakes, Declares a Reader.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: As an absorbed and attentive witness to the progress of women I am rather amused at the attempts of many men to belittle them in many ways. Some men have the hardihood to claim that there have never been any really great women in the world's history, and I am very sure that I could name many women famous in the field of literature, science, art, music and other lines. The power of woman is unlimited in its scope and she is nature's masterpiece. Women have been kept in the background so long owing to environment and heredity, but they are no longer mere dolls, but individuals. Men's opinions were also due to environment and heredity, and they must be given a chance to evolve to a higher plane.

Some men claim that the majority of the women who are progressive are old, cranky, shallow and don't want a home, far from it. I have met many who have big hearts, large minds, classic and romantic, with a passion for study and truth. If they are progressive they are still 99 per cent womanly, natural women, with a veritable furnace of affection that only awaits the right man to make it blaze into a consuming love; but she is discerning, and he must be manly, honest, self-respecting, with character, nobility of heart and an unblemished character.

The strides that have been made in feminine education have placed the women on a level with the lords of creation, and man should fully recognize that fact. What did man educate women for anyway if he did not want their minds to be busy about something?

Women should have the privilege of proposing. Then probably there would not be so many so-called mistakes or failures, for women are keener than men; and if a woman is economically free I cannot see why she should not propose to the object of her love. I suppose they do not do so because it would be much like asking a man for life support, and I think they are a little too well bred to ask any one to support them for life. On the other hand, if the woman furnished the sinews of war she would be apt to make a parachute of the man. Again inequality. Women would be the masters and men become slaves. The advanced woman wishes to be economically free or independent of the man. All human beings should be able to work for themselves, and if a woman loves a man and is independent economically and looks upon marriage as an ideal institution where love reigns, she should have the courage and right to propose, and not wait for leap year, either.

Women usually improve anything they take up, and I believe they would improve the political atmosphere if permitted to take part in good government; and as they are such a potent force I move that to the women be given any and all privileges they seek. The women! Here's to them. GEORGE BRAMHALL SHAW.

Hot Springs, Va., April 11, 1914.

### A RELIC OF THE DARK AGES

#### Capital Punishment Is Called a Blot on Our Civilization.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I have read with a great deal of interest the recent remarks pro and con the idea of capital punishment, and I want to say most emphatically that I heartily endorse every word contained in the letter of G. H. Ball, printed in to-day's issue of The Tribune.

It seems to me that capital punishment is a relic of the dark ages and a blot on our present day civilization, and that it is not a deterrent.

As Mr. Ball writes, the thought of life imprisonment to many minds would be worse than death. I think our severest penalty should be life imprisonment—with no pardon possible—and that work should be meted out in just measure. In that way the state, at least, can derive some benefit from the useless drags of society.

Another solution would be to put the criminal so sentenced to the work best suited to him, and the money he earns be turned into an endowment fund to help the needy and deserving—especially to help educate the poor and perhaps obviate the necessity of occurrences like that of this week.

There are very few people I have talked with that did not see the wisdom of some such course as above outlined, if it could be worked out in a practical fashion. Anything that will tend to promote thought along this line, I think, is a forward step, and believe The Tribune can do a great deal in this matter by asking for opinions from its readers, and perhaps an agitation can be started that will lift New York State out of this barbaric state it is now in.

E. D. D.

New York, April 15, 1914.

### The Big Policeman and the Small Boy.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: President Wilson's latest triumph calls to mind the ancient minstrel story of the big policeman's arrest of the little boy.

"What you arrestin' me for? I didn't do nothing," said the boy. "Nather did I, and if I don't do something pretty soon I'll be put off the force."

HENRY AUGNE.

New York, April 15, 1914.